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To my weevle, weevle, weevle,
To my dadda, dadda, dowus,
Sing O ! Holla-lu !

The one says, " It's a horse,"
The other he said " Nay ;"
The one says, " It's a deer,
But its horns are shot away."
To my weevle, etc.

There were three jolly Welshmen,
Three Welshmen were they,
They all went out a-hunting
Was on St. David's Day ;
And all the day they hunted,
And nothing did they find,
But a cat in the wood,
And that they left behind.
To my weevle, etc.

The one says, " It's a cat,"
The other he says " Nay ;"
The one says, " It's an owl,
But its ears are shot away."
To my weevle, etc.

There were three jolly Welshmen,
Three Welshmen were they,
They all went out a-hunting
Was on St. David's Day ;
And all the day they hunted,
And nothing did they find,
But the moon in the elements,
And that they left behind.
To my weevle, etc.

The one says, " It's the moon,"
The other he says " Nay ;"
The one says, " It's a cheese,
But the half's cut away."
To my weevle, etc.

Julia D. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass.

TWO OLD GAMES. — The two following games of children are old, the second being known to date back at least a century : —

Bolivar. — Children form a ring with joined hands around one in the middle, and go around singing, —

Bolivar, Bolivar, ding, ding, ding,
Forty horses in a ring ;
One jumped out and one jumped in,
Bolivar, Bolivar, ding, ding, ding.

As the last words are sung the circle is broken up, and all jump and dance

around ; the prisoner escapes, and by manœuvring some one else is left in the centre to take his place.

Flora. — A child lies down and pretends to sleep, saying, "I hope Flora won't come here." Another comes up softly and lightly touches the sleeper, who springs in simulated wrath and says, "Who's that?" To which the answer is, "Flora," by the escaping child. "Very well, if Flora does that again I'll see her naked nose," replies the sleeper, who again composes himself to rest. This occurs several times, and finally the child is caught, and the sleeper calls out, "I've got Flora! I've got Flora! I have her naked nose!" He pulls the child's nose, and exhibits his thumb between his first and second finger as the trophy. Of course this game is only for very young children.


IROQUOIS DOG FEAST. — In a somewhat exhaustive paper on the White Dog Feast among the several Iroquois nations, read by me at the Toronto meeting of the A. A. A. S. last year, but as yet unpublished, quotations were made from "Sullivan's Campaign." I had then no knowledge of the existence of this feast among the Oneidas, never having inquired of them ; but I find that De Witt Clinton noted it there in 1810. The pagans "still practised some of their ancient superstitions ; on the first new moon of every year they sacrificed a white dog to the Great Spirit, and devoted six days to celebrating the commencement of the year." This late date would not conflict with my belief that the other Iroquois derived it from the Senecas at a very recent day, all evidence tending that way.

W. M. Beauchamp.

NOTE WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK : —

This book belongs to ——— ———.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

 Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly,
with the corners of the leaves NOT TURNED DOWN.

When a boy I found this in an old book and *captured* it. — *W. M. B.*